

THE
CAMBRO-BRITON.

MAY, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS
NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. *CICERO de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XIX.

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TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXXXIII. THREE things that were the cause of the subduing of Lloegr [England] and wresting it from the Cymry: the harbouring of strangers; the liberating of prisoners; and the present of the bald man.

[Triad LXXIX of the first series agrees with the above, which, however, is not in the second series.—The first circumstance, mentioned here, must have been the invitation of the Saxons; but it does not appear, from any memorials now extant, what liberation of prisoners could have been of so momentous a result. The present of the bald man was, most probably, the encouragement given by the Pope, when St. Austin led the Saxons against the Welsh, and instigated the massacre of the monks of Bangor Iscoed, in Flintshire, of which a notice appears in the 17th Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 218.]

LXXXIV. The three men, who escaped from the battle of Camlan: Morvran ab Tegid, in consequence of being so ugly, that every body, thinking him to be a demon out of hell, fled from him; Sandde Bryd Angel [Angel-Aspect], in consequence of being so fine of form, so beautiful and fair, that no one raised a hand against him, as he was thought to be an angel from heaven; and Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr [Great-grasp], from his size and strength, so that none stood in his way, and every body fled before him: that is, excepting those three men, none escaped from Camlan.

[Triad LXXXV of the first series agrees with this, but without the concluding assertion, of none escaping besides those three. It is not in the second series. Sandde, here mentioned, was a

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 70. Tr. 82—95.

son of Llywarch Hen, the celebrated warrior and poet, of whom a copious memoir may be seen in the first volume of this work. What is here recorded of these three warriors is also detailed in the Mabinogi, or Romantic Tale, of Culhwch, with the additional circumstances, that Morvran was covered with hair, like a stag, and that Glewlwyd was the porter of King Arthur.]

LXXXV. The three chief Perpetual Choirs of the Isle of Britain: the College of Illtyd the Knight, in Caer Worgorn; the Choir of Emrys, in Caer Caradawg; and the College of Gwydrin, in the Isle of Avallen: and in each of those three colleges there were 2400 saints; that is, there were a hundred, every hour of the day and the night, in rotation, perpetuating the praise and service of God, without resting, without intermission.

[Triad LXXX of the first series entitles the above the diligent perpetual Song; and, instead of Bangor Illtyd, in Caer Worgorn, it has Bangor only, which is obscure, as there were several Bangors *. Bangor Illtyd is in Glamorganshire, and is now called Llân Illtyd Vawr, which the Englishry there have corrupted into Lantwit Major. Cor Emrys was Ambresbury, and Bangor Wydrin was Glastonbury.]

LXXXVI. The three Tribe Herdsmen of the Isle of Britain: first, Benren the Herdsman, in Gorwennydd, who kept the herd of Caradawg ab Bran and his tribe, and in which herd there were 21,000 milch cows; second, Gwdion, the son of Don, who kept the cattle of the tribe of Gwynedd, above the Conwy, and in that herd were 21,000; third, Llawvrodedd the Knight, who tended the kine of Nudd the Generous, the son of Senyllt, and in that herd were 21,000 milch kine.

[It is no very easy matter to reconcile these memorials with the genuineness of historical narrative: it is, therefore, not improbable, that the circumstances, comprised in this Triad, had some connection with the romantic lore of the Cymry. Gorwennydd, in Glamorganshire, was a part of the ancient Siluria; and Caradog ab Bran was the celebrated Caractacus of the Roman writers, and a prince of Siluria.—Gwdion ab Don has generally been regarded as a mythological character: he is recorded in a subsequent Triad as one of the “three distinguished astronomers of Britain.”—Llawvrodedd is considered to be identified with Llawgad Trwm Bargod Eiddyn, commemorated in a Triad, previously translated, as the murderer of Avaon, the son of Taliesin.]

* See No. 19 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 322.—ED.

LXXXVII. The three Cruising Fleets of the Isle of Britain: the fleet of Llawr, the son of Eiriv; and the fleet of Divwg, the son of Alban; and the fleet of Dolor, the son of Mwrchath, king of Manaw.

[The names, as they occur in Triad LXXII of the first series, have been adopted here, thus changing Llawr mab Eidriv into Llawr mab Eiriv. Triad XII of the second series has the names thus,—Llary vab Yryv, Digniv vab Alan, and Solor vab Urnach. Neither of those two series notices that Mwrchath was king of Manaw, or the Isle of Man. For the original words, *Tair Llynges Cynniwair*, “three hovering or roving fleets” would be more literal. It cannot be precisely ascertained to what period the events, here recorded, are to be ascribed.]

LXXXVIII. The three Principal Cities of the Isle of Britain: Caer Llion upon Wysg, in Cymru; Caer Llundain, in Lloegr; and Caer Evrawg, in Deivr and Brynaich.

[This Triad does not occur in the other two series.—These names, as at present called, are Caerleon upon Usk, in Wales; London, in England; and York, in Deira and Bernicia, as named by historians.—Caerllion, or the Fortress of the Floods, was so called from its situation; the etymology of Llundain, or London, is not so certain; Caer Evrawg, or the Fortress of Evrawg, took its name from its founder, Evrawg Gadarn, or Evrawg the Mighty, who, according to the British Chronicles, was the sixth king of Britain.]

LXXXIX. The three Mighty Achievements of the Isle of Britain: the raising of the Stone of Ceti; the building of the Work of Emrys; and the heaping of the Pile of Cyvrangon.

[The first and second series have not this Triad. We are informed, that there is a vast stone, resting upon others, in that part of Glamorganshire, which forms the peninsula of Gwyr, or Gower, and which still bears the name of Maen Ceti, or the Stone of Ceti. As this monument cannot be far distant from Swansea, some reader of the CAMBRO-BRITON, residing there, will perhaps oblige the Editor with a description of it. The work of Emrys, or Ambrosius, is Stonehenge. That this structure is not older than the period here mentioned, may be inferred from the fact of the stones having been worked by tools; that being contrary to the principles, upon which the ancient bardic or druidical circles were formed. An accurate observer will easily discover, that the present erection has been blended with a more ancient circle, of which some of the stones remain, on

the inner verge of the *vallum*.—*Cludair Cyvrangon*, translated the Pile of *Cyvrangon*, is, literally, the Heaped Mound of Congregations; and there is a circumstance, which goes a great way to prove that Silbury was thus designated; which is its taking its name from the primary circle of Abury, and the circle also having its name from the mound of *Gorsedd Bryn Gwyddon*, or the Presidency of the Hill of Cognitions; the two thus connected being the place where the Britons held their general assemblies. A future opportunity will be taken for offering some observations on these stupendous remains, which, for their rude magnificence, are not to be surpassed in this or any other country. In the mean time, the reader is referred to p. 468 of the first volume, for a brief account of their general characteristics.]

xc. The three Distinguished Astronomers of the Isle of Britain: Idris the Giant; Gwdion, the son of Don; and Gwyn ab Nudd; and by the extent of their knowledge concerning the stars, their natures and their qualities, they could prognosticate whatever was wished to be known unto the day of doom.

[This Triad is not in the first and second series. The title of *Gwyn-seronyddion*, or white astronomers, in the original, is ambiguous. If they were Druids, the epithet might have related to their dress, as the dress of that order was white; *gwyn* was also a term for intellectual state, or happiness. Idris Gawr is supposed to have flourished prior to the commencement of all historical documents now extant. Tradition assigns to him the highest mountain in Meirion for his study; and which, therefore, is named, after him, *Cader Idris*, or the Keep of Idris*.—Though Gwdion ab Don and Gwyn ab Nudd are placed towards the close of the fifth century, and introduced into the Mabinogion, as cotemporary with the warriors of that period, they appear, nevertheless, to have been mythological characters. The galaxy is called *Caer Gwdion*, or the rampart of Gwdion. The *Woden* of the Saxons is said to have come originally from the banks of the river Don; and, as the Cymry make *Gwdion* the son of Don, they probably were one and the same personage. The name of Gwdion occurs also in the next Triad as a disciple of Math ab Mathonwy; and he is besides recorded as lord of Arvon, as in the following line of Taliesin:—

“Pan aeth Caswallon Hir i dir mab Don.”

From a poem composed by Davydd ab Gwilym, in 1346, we learn that Gwyn ab Nudd was the king of the fairies.]

* M. de Gebelin, in his *Monde Primitif*, (tom. 3. p. 392,) observes, that Enoch was known in the East under the name of Idris, or the Wise.—ED.

xcI. The three Men of Illusion and Phantasy of the Isle of Britain: Math ab Mathonwy, who discovered his illusion to Gwdion, the son of Don; and Menw, the son of the Three Cries, who taught his illusion to Uthyr Bendragon; and Rhuddlwm the Giant, who learned his illusion from Eiddilig the Dwarf, and Coll, the son of Collvrewi.

[Triad **xxxii** of the first series and Triad **xx** of the second series are thus:—The three Primary Illusions of the Isle of Britain: the illusion of Math, the son of Mathonwy, which taught Gwdion, the son of Don; and the illusion of Uthr Bendragon, which taught Menw mab Teirgwaedd; and the third was the illusion of Rhuddlwm Gawr, which taught Coll, the son of Collvrewi. In the first series are two other Triads of these illusions, No. **xxxI** and **xxxiii**. No. **xxxI** is thus:—The three Men of Illusion and Phantasy of the Isle of Britain: Menyw, the son of the Three Cries; Eiddilig the Dwarf; and Math ab Mathonwy. No. **xxxiii**. The three Primary Ones of Phantasy of the Isle of Britain: Coll, the son of Collvrewi; Menyw, the son of the Three Cries; and Drych ail Cibddar.—Math is the hero of one of the Mabinogion, wherein he is called Prince of Gwynedd.—Menw was, probably, the same as the Indian Menu, who delivered the three revelations of the *Vedas*; and what adds to the probability is, that the terms *Veda* and *Gwaedd* appear to be of one origin; for a great number of words, in the Sanscrit, as well as in the Latin, and other languages, having *v* for their initial, exist also in the Welsh with a *g* for their initial, a variation which may be accounted for by the system of initial mutations, still common to the Welsh language, as fully explained in page 401, &c. of the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON. It may be remarked generally of the characters recorded in this Triad, that their history is so involved in mythological obscurity as not to be now explained with any certainty. Their connection with the fabulous personages of other countries is, however, to be inferred from a similarity of names and other obvious affinities, which cannot be satisfactorily elucidated within the limited compass of these illustrations.]

xcii. The three Beneficent Artisans of the Isle of Britain: Corvinwr, the Bard of Ceri, of the Long White Lake, who first made a ship with sail and rudder for the nation of the Cymry; Morddal, the Man of the Torrent, the artisan of Ceraint ab Greid-iawl, who first taught the work of stone and lime to the nation of the Cymry, in the time when the Emperor Alexander was bringing the world under him; and Coel ab Cyllin ab Caradawg

ab Bran, who first made a mill of round and wheel for the nation of the Cymry: and they were three bards.

[As this Triad is not in the first and second series, and as the events are not recorded in any other document known to the writer of this note, he can say nothing towards its illustration, more than the reader himself may be able to comprehend of it. It may, however, be conjectured of Coll ab Cyllin, that, as he was grandson of the celebrated Caractacus, he may have acquired the art here alluded to at Rome, while a prisoner there with the rest of his family.]

XCIII. The three Inventors of Song and Record of the Isle of Britain: Gwyddon Ganhebon, who was the first in the world that made vocal song; and Hu the Mighty, who first applied vocal song to the preserving of memory and record; and Tydain Tad Awen, who first conferred art on vocal song, and system on record: and from what was done by these three men originated bards and bardism, and the arranging of those things into a system of privilege and custom by the three primary bards: namely, Plennydd, and Alawn, and Gwron.

[This Triad is not in the other series. Gwyddon Ganhebon is a very remarkable appellation, and it means the Hawk-headed Gnostic, by which he seems to be identified with the Egyptian Hermes.—Tydain Tad Awen implies Tydain the Father of the Muse.—Notices of the personages enumerated in this Triad occur before in the CAMBRO-BRITON. See vol. i. pp. 46, 127, and 129, and the present volume, pp. 59, 145, and 146.]

XCIV. The three Primary Youth Trainers of the Isle of Britain: Tydain Tad Awen; Menw Hen; and Gwrhir, the Bard of Teilo, in Llandav: and they were three bards.

[This is not in the other series. The first two persons, here recorded, have been already noticed. Gwrhir was one of the saints of Catwg's College during the fifth century, and to whom there is a church dedicated at Llys Vaen, in Gwaenllwg.]

XCV. The three Beneficent Youth Trainers of the Isle of Britain: Cadawg ab Gwynlliw, in Llan Garvan; Madawg Morvryn, in the college of Illtyd; and Deiniol Wyn, in Gwynedd: they were three bards.

[This is not in the other series. The Cadawg here mentioned is Catwg the Wise.—Madawg Morvryn was the father of Merddin, the bard of Celyddon, of whom a memoir appeared in the 18th number of the CAMBRO-BRITON.—Deiniol was the founder of Bangor in Arvon, of which he was the first bishop. There

are also churches dedicated to him in the counties of Cardigan, Monmouth, and Pembroke. He died in the year 554, and was buried in the Isle of Enlli.]

xcvi. The three Tribe Shepherds of the Isle of Britain: Colwyn, the shepherd of the tribe of Bran ab Llyr Llediaith, in Morganwg; Pibydd Moel, the shepherd of the tribe of Tegerin, of the family of Llwydiarth, in Mon; and Gwesyn, the shepherd of the tribe of Gornwg ab Ednywain, king of Tegeingl, in Rhyvoniawg: the number tended by each of those three men was 120,000; and each had under him 300 slaves, in the protection of the nation of the Cymry.

[This is not in the first or second series.—Bran has appeared before, in several Triads.—In what period the Pibydd Moel, or Bald Piper, of Llwydiarth, in Anglesey, lived is not known.—Ednywain, lord of Lower Tegeingl, called also Ednywain Bendew, who lived in the eleventh century, occurs in our books of Pedigrees, as the stock from which many families of Denbighshire and Flintshire derive their origin. Tegeingl was the western part of the present county of Flint, with the adjacent part of the Vale of Clwyd. Ednywain resided at Coed y Mynydd, in the parish of Ysceiviog, in the county of Flint.]

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

APHORISMS BY CATWG THE WISE*.

No one is discreet but he that perceives himself to be simple:
 No one is knowing but he that knows himself:
 No one is mighty but he that conquers himself:
 No one is sensible but he that is aware of his misconception:
 No one is wise but he that understands his ignorance:
 No one is watchful but he that watches over himself:
 No one is wary but he that avoids what his desire craves for:
 No one is blind but he that sees not his own fault:
 No one is discerning but he that discerns his own failing:
 No one is strong but he that overcomes his weakness.

THE COUNSELS OF CATWG TO ASWR, THE SON OF CYNHAIARN†.

Accuse thyself and not another:
 Abase thyself and not another:

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 15.

† Ib. vol. iii. p. 59.

Teach thyself before thou teachest another:
 Know thyself in order to know another:
 Chastise thyself, chastise not another:
 Benefit thyself if thou wouldest benefit another:
 From seeing thyself more foolish than another, thou shalt be
 able to become wiser than another.

THE WISDOM OF THE CYMRY*.

THE SEVEN GIFTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT †.

1. The understanding, in the soul, to comprehend :
2. Reason, to methodise :
3. The senses, to operate :
4. Bodily powers, to accomplish :
5. Affection, to love good and to hate evil :
6. Genius, to invent and to study sciences :
7. Conscience, to judge of all goodness and wickedness.

From these are derived all knowlege and art, and every
 joy, comfort, and happiness.

Thus said the Blue Bard of the Chair ‡.

THE NINE BEATITUDES OF HEAVEN§.

1. Day without night, or light without darkness :
2. Peace without war, or love without hate :
3. Health without ailment, or enjoyment without weariness :
4. Joy without sadness, or pleasure without displeasure :
5. Wealth without luxury, or possession without sin :
6. Understanding without lack of understanding||, or know-
 lege without ignorance :
7. Honour without disgrace, or respect without disrespect :
8. Liberty without restraint, or free will without error :
9. Life without death, or God and enough.

* The third volume of the *Archæology of Wales* contains thirty-five pages of miscellaneous maxims under this title, which will, therefore, be adopted in the *CAMBRO-BRITON*, for the purpose of occasionally presenting to its readers, in an English dress, some of these ancient relics of aphoristic lore, a great portion of which is ascribed to Geraint.—ED.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 109.

‡ For a short notice of Aser or Geraint, here called the Blue Bard of the Chair, see vol. i. p. 329. in the note.—ED.

§ Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 130.

|| In the original *deall heb anneall*.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[Continued from page 349.]

LAWS OF THE COURT.

Door-keeper of the Chamber.

THE Door-keeper of the Chamber shall have his land free, and a horse from the King and a share of the visitors' gift-money*.

Page of the Chamber.

The Page of the Chamber claims all the King's clothes, except the garment worn during Lent,—all the bed-clothes, his shirt, his coat, his cloak, his breeches, his stockings, and his shoes.

There is no appointed place for the Page of the Chamber in the hall; for his service lies between the hall and the chamber.

He shall receive a horse from the King, and his land free, and a share of the visitors' gift-money.

It belongs to him to lay out the King's bed.

Out of all the spoil, taken by the King, he claims the cattle, whose horns and ears are of the same length.

Chambermaid †.

The Chambermaid shall receive all the clothes of the Queen throughout the year, except the garment, in which the Queen shall do penance. She shall hold her land free, and have a horse from the Queen. To her belong the Queen's saddle and bridle, and all her habits and spurs, when discarded. She shall receive a share of the gift-money at entertainments.

Groom of the Rein.

The Groom of the Rein shall have the King's daily saddle, his cushion, his bridle, his spurs, his stockings, and his rain-cap, when discarded; also his old horse-shoes and shoeing irons.

His land shall be free, and he shall receive a horse from the King.

He shall attend with the King's steed ‡ and arms, whenever he

* The original words for "visitors' gift-money" are *arian y gwestvau*, respecting which see a note in No. 19. p. 300.—ED.

† She is styled *Llawvorwyn*, or Handmaid, to the Queen in the W. S. M.

‡ The original word is *amws*, which is, literally, a stallion.—ED.

mounts and dismounts. He shall also lead the steed from the stable and to the stable.

He shall receive one man's share of the colts taken in the spoil.

Torch-bearer.*

The torch-bearer shall have his land free and a horse from the King, and the remains of all the candles, and a share of the visitors' gift-money†.

Butler.

The Butler shall have his land free, and a horse from the King. He shall receive, for a legal allowance of liquor, as much ale as will fill the vessels used in the Palace for drawing, half as much bragot, and a third of mead.

Mead-brewer.

The Mead-brewer shall have his land free, and a horse from the King, and a share of the visitors' gift-money, and the third part of the wax, that shall be taken off the vat,—the other two parts being divided between the hall and the chamber, two shares thereof for the hall and the third for the chamber‡.

Officers of the Palace §.

The Officers of the Palace shall have their land free, and a horse for each of them from the King, and a share of the visitors' gift-money.

Cook.

The Cook claims the skins of the sheep, goats, lambs, kids, and calves, and the entrails of the cattle, slaughtered in the kitchen, except the hearts, which go to the Falconer, and the *rectum* and the milt to the Porter. The Cook owns the tallow and dripping from the kitchen, except the tallow of such beast, as shall be three nights with the cows of the manor-house.

* In Wotton's edition there is also *Canwylyd y Vrenhines*, or Chandler [Torch-bearer] to the Queen, considered as one of the twenty-four officers.

† He ought to hold the candle before the King on the other side of the dish while he eats: and whatever broken bread and bits of meat shall fall over belong to him. He claims a hand's breadth of the candle, which he holds. He lights all the candles in the court. He may have what he pulls with his teeth from the ends of the candles. When the King goes to his chamber, he is to carry a candle before him.—W. S. M.

‡ He claims the covering over the vat, or else four pence, according to the choice of the owner of the feast.—W. S. M.

§ The particular duties of these officers, as before remarked, (No. 18. p. 250.) are not to be easily made out, unless they were *dapiferi*.—ED.

He shall hold his land free, and shall have a horse from the King, and a share of the visitors' gift-money*.

Foot-holder.

The Foot-holder is to sit under the King's feet.

He is to eat from the same dish as the King†.

He shall light the candles before the King at his meal.

He shall have a dish of meat and liquor, though he is not to join in the feast.

His land shall be free, and he shall receive a horse from the King, and shall have a share of the visitors' gift-money.

Physician.

The Physician shall sit next to the Master of the Household in the hall.

He shall have his land free, and shall receive a horse in attendance from the King.

* He shall have a taste of every present, which he shall dress. He shall bring the last present and lay it before the King, who shall in return give him victuals and drink.—W. S. M.—*Côc y Vrenhines*, or Cook to the Queen, occurs in Wotton's edition as one of the twenty-four officers, as do also her Door-keeper and her Torch-bearer. The rights and duties of the three are thus defined:—

The *Cook* is entitled to his land free; his horse in attendance, and his linen from the Queen; and his woollen cloth from the King. The Steward of the Household ought to supply him with all the necessaries of the kitchen. He has a right to taste of every cookery, which he prepares. His protection is the same with that of the King's Cook. His lodging is with the Steward of the Household to the King. His satisfaction for insult is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows.

The *Doorkeeper* is entitled to have his land free; his horse in attendance, and his linen garments from the Queen; and his woollen garments from the King. He is to serve the liquor when there is mead. He ought not to sit down, but to serve standing. A share of the entertainment-money comes to him. His lodging is with the King's Doorkeeper in the Porter's house. The satisfaction for his insult is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows.

The *Torch-bearer* is entitled to have his land free, his horse in attendance and his linen from the Queen; and his woollen cloth from the King. He claims a share of the entertainment-money. He is to have a hand's breadth of every candle, which he holds. He takes the tips of the candles, which he bites with his teeth. He has a right to all the remains of the candles. He has the broken bread and pieces of meat, which drop over the Queen's dish. His protection, lodging, satisfaction for insult, and price, are the same as those of the King's Torch-bearer.

† Most probably after the King had done, since it appears from the sequel, that he was not to join in the feast.—ED.

He shall practise physic for the household and for the men of the court, without fee; as he is to have from them only the perforated clothes, except it shall be for one of the three mortal wounds.

The Physician shall take a pound, for each of these wounds, without maintenance, or nine score pence with maintenance. One of these mortal wounds is when a man is struck upon his head, so that his brains may be seen; the second is the stabbing of a man in his body, so that his bowels appear; the third is the breaking of one of a man's four posts, (which are these, either of his two thighs or of the two upper joints of the arms,) so that the marrow may be seen. The value of each is three pounds.

When a man is struck upon the head, the Physician is entitled to four curtailed pence* for every bone above the *cranium*. Four legal pence is the price of a bone below the *cranium*, which will produce a sound when dropt in a copper vessel †.

Groom of the Rein to the Queen.

The Groom of the Rein to the Queen shall have his land free, and a horse from the Queen ‡.

In addition to the Twenty-four Officers, already enumerated,

* *Ceiniawg gota* and *ceiniawg gyvraith*, a curtailed penny and a lawful penny. These expressions occur frequently; but the distinction between the different pence cannot now be ascertained. [But, was not *ceiniawg gota*, or the lesser penny, two thirds of the legal penny? Wotton so considers it. *Ceiniawg* occurs sometimes in these laws, in a figurative sense, for money in general.—ED.]

† The Physician shall have the bloody clothes for his trouble, if he puts a tent in a wound: for an application of a red salve three pence. The value of his pan is one penny. A Physician should accept of a release from the family of the wounded, if he dies under his treatment: if he does not, let him answer for the act.—W. S. M. [From the duties and privileges of the Physician, as here enumerated, it would appear, that Surgeon would have been the more proper translation of the original word *Meddyg*.—ED.]

‡ He is not one of the twenty-four Officers in the W. S. M., the list of whom, and with which Wotton's edition agrees, is as follows:—*Officers of the King*. Master of the Household, Domestic Chaplain, Steward of the Household, Falconer, Judge of the Palace, Chief Groom, Page of the Chamber, Domestic Bard, Crier, Chief Huntsman, Mead-brewer, Physician, Butler, Door-keeper, Cook, Torch-bearer.—*Officers of the Queen*. Steward of the Household, Chaplain, Chief Groom, Page of the Chamber, Handmaid, Door-keeper, Cook, Torch-bearer.

there were also nine inferior Officers, attached to the Court, whose names are as follow* :—

Land-steward	Baker-woman
Serjeant	Smith of the Palace
Porter	Washer-woman
Watchman	Chief of Song.
Provider of fuel	

The duties and privileges of these, as they appear in the Welsh School MS., are to the following effect.

Land-steward.

He ought to superintend the premises of the Court next after the Steward of the Household ; and he should receive such chattels, as are consigned to him by the Mayor and Chancellor for the maintenance of the Court. To him it belongs to direct the agriculture, and all the necessities of the Court.

To him belong the fine and commutation of the vassal-town,—the heriot of the men of the vassal-town, and the maiden fee of their daughters. Should there be any litigation respecting land between two persons of the vassal-town, or for assault, or for theft, he claims 24 pence.

He is obliged to make oath respecting the demesne land.

He is entitled to sixty pence for every prisoner, that shall be put in his gaol.

He has a right to entertainment from the men of the vassal-town.

To him belong the skins of the cattle, that may be under his care for three nights, before they are killed. Nobody has any claim on the skins of the cattle of the Land-steward but himself, neither the King, who may reside in the palace, nor any one else.

His protection is to conduct the guilty person beyond the boundary of the demesne land.

His lodging is in the provision-house.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows with an advancement.

* The names of the nine officers, here mentioned, do not occur in the Cotton MS., in which the Laws of the Court terminate with the enumeration of the duties and privileges of the twenty-four preceding. These inferior officers, who are entitled, in Welsh, *Swyddogion arer a deawd*, (Officers according to custom and usage,) occur both in the W. S. M. and in Wotton.—ED.

Serjeant.*

He is entitled to his land free; and, when the King is at Court, he ought to have dish-meat.

He ought to stand between the two posts with a rod in his hand, lest the house should take fire while the King was eating and drinking with the officers; and he ought not to sit down while the King is in the hall. He ought not to strike the post where the King is.

He is entitled to as much ale as will fill the vessels used in drawing liquor, and half that of bragot, and the third part of mead.

He claims the feet, up to the fetlock, of the oxen and cows, that may be obtained through his information.

On the ninth day of November he is to have a shirt, coat, and breeches without lining. His clothes should be as long as the knot of his breeches. On winter-eve he ought to have a cap, and on the first of March or February a mantle†.

The Serjeant is to divide between the King, the Mayor, and the Chancellor.

He is entitled to the flesh that is cut out of the dead-house‡, and the cut butter, and the lower stone of the mill, and the green flax, and the bottom layer of the corn-rick, and the fowls, and the cats, and the hatchet, and the head of the ridges, if in grass, if not, the hedge-borders.

* The Serjeant seems to have had the name of *Rhingyll* (which is the original word) from the pert and audacious behaviour, which this officer was apt to assume; and of the same import was the other epithet of *Cecryn y Cyrtiau*, or Sharper of the Courts, that we find to have been frequently bestowed on him. Allowing that to be the import, the name is derived from *rhinc*, a shrill noise, a clatter or clack. The two words, *rhin* and *cyll*, would also assume the same form, if compounded into one word, and would be descriptive of the office. The import would be "one who goes privately with his rod of authority." [In addition to this note in the Cambrian Register, it may be observed, that Wotton translates the word by *Apparitor*, an officer who still bears the name of *Rhingyll* in Carmarthenshire. He appears by these laws to have been attached to the Courts of justice as a summoning officer or tip-staff.—ED.]

† The original word is *mantell*, which is also retained in Armoric. Hence, perhaps, the *manteau* and *mantle* of the French and English. In Arabic the word *mandil* has a similar meaning.—ED.

‡ *Marvdy*, literally a Dead-house, may also be rendered an *Escheat*, which meant not only the *escheated* property itself, but also the place in which such property was deposited. The Judge of the Palace was the only one, whose house was exempted by these laws from becoming an *escheat*.—ED.

From every house, where he goes on the King's errand, he shall have a loaf with its allowance of butter and cheese.

The length of his spear shall be three cubits, two behind and one before him*.

From the spoil, which shall be taken out of the country, he is entitled to a bull, or to a beast not used to the yoke, or to a cow with her first milk.

When the Serjeant dies, the King is to have all his goods.

If the Serjeant shall be insulted while sitting during the determination of the causes, he ought only to have a sieve of oats and an egg-shell†. His satisfaction for insult, according to some, is equal to that for the owner of the land, wherever the insult is committed: others say, it is three cows and sixty pence.

His price is sixty-three cows.

[*To be continued.*]

POPULAR TRADITIONS.

WALES, like most other countries, possesses its traditional legends, which have been established as a species of popular history from time immemorial. Some of these have already been noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON under various heads‡; and it would be extremely desirable, that a complete collection, if possible, should be made of these fugitive memorials of ancient times. With a view to the promotion of this object, the following Legend of Llynsavathan, or, more properly perhaps, Llynsyvaddan, is here transcribed from amongst the papers of Mr. Hugh Thomas, preserved with the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. The tradition is, no doubt, still common in the neighbourhood, to which it relates; and the reader will also recognize in its circumstances a resemblance with those of other popular legends.

Llynsyvaddan, with which the tradition is connected, more generally known by the name of Brecnock Mere, is situated about three miles from the town of Brecnock. Giraldus represents

* The length of his spear or lance would thus be about a yard and a half, allowing about eighteen inches to a cubit; and of this length the Serjeant was to hold two thirds behind him and the remainder before, the spear resting most probably on his shoulder.—Ed.

† The reason of this seems to be, that he ought not, as appears from what goes before, to sit upon such an occasion, and that, if he did, he was entitled only to this slight satisfaction in the event of an insult.—Ed.

‡ See volume i. pp. 184, 266. and the present volume, pp. 177 & 313.—Ed.

it as being in his time surrounded with houses, gardens, corn-fields and orchards, and ascribes certain miraculous properties to its waters, from the various colours assumed by them at different times, which, however, were to be explained from natural causes. The following account, it may be added, although not in the hand-writing of Mr. Hugh Thomas, is stated to have been originally written by him. Should it be materially at variance with the tradition of the country, any communication on the subject would, of course, be gladly inserted.

* * *

THE LEGEND OF LLYNSAVATHAN.

“The great pool, called Llynsavathan, is seated in a very pleasant country surrounded on all sides with high hills, and is about two miles in length, and above one in breadth, and between five and six miles round. It is also very deep and full of fish, and hath several parishes and fine houses on its banks. The inhabitants of this country have a general tradition, that there was once a great and beautiful lady, who was heiress of all the land, covered by this great water, of whom a young man, of mean or no fortune, was very much enamoured; and without gold, that so much dazzles the eyes of poor mortals, it was impossible for him to gain her. The unfortunate *inamorato*, finding nothing but gold would do, and doating more upon her than his own soul, cares not what courses he takes to make himself rich enough to obtain her favour. The lady, on the other side, like many of her sex, let him come by wealth as he will, it matters not, so he hath it, she cares not what the man is or was, if he have enough to satisfy her lust and pride.

“The youth, in his despair, meets a carrier, with a great charge of money, at a place, not far from the pool, whom he not only robs but murders, and burieth in the place, for fear of a discovery. Afterwards, going to his darling saint, he tells her he had gold enough; the lady, incredulous, would not believe him, 'till she had seen it, and then would not marry him, 'till she discovered how he came by it. The blade, to satisfy her, fearing no danger of a discovery (having enjoined her to secrecy), tells her the unhappy story.

“There was then a report of a spirit troubling the place, where the man murdered was buried: at this the lady, being somewhat surprised, resolves again not to marry him, 'till he went to the grave in the night to appease the ghost, and to hear what he had to say. Love fearing no dangers, and, he having a

conscience seared, and as black as hell, after his former foul deed, to satisfy his mistress, he undertakes this last task to please her. While at the grave, he heard at midnight a voice cry aloud "Is there no revenge for innocent blood?"—and another voice answer—"Not until the ninth generation:"—at which, presuming upon the mercy and patience of the Almighty, and thinking himself free from this heavy vengeance, he is not moved or terrified in the least at this judgment, but without remorse of conscience resolves to prosecute his amour. So, going to the lady, he tells her the dreadful judgment, and she, on the other side, caring not for the eternal punishment, so as they escape the temporal shame, most audaciously answers him—"Before that time we shall be rotten in our graves, therefore we will enjoy ourselves while we may,"—and, accordingly, they take their full of the filthy pleasures of this world.

"But, behold, these poor miserable mortals, wallowing in the lusts and pleasures of life, forgetting their Maker, and daring Heaven itself, are deceived in their own vain presumptuous hopes. They marry, multiply, and encrease: and their children marry among the people of this city, and their children again marry one among another, like another Sodom, 'till all the people of this great city are of their race and are heaping upon themselves, as well as worldly wealth, the heavy vengeance of Heaven, 'till this unhappy couple lives to see the ninth generation of their own bodies."

"Then they said—"We are great, rich, and potent, and our issue is very numerous, and we have not yet seen the vengeance, threatened at our ninth generation, unless it be, that now, by the course of nature and reason of our great age, we cannot think to live long; therefore, as we have lived according to our hearts' delight and have enjoyed all the pleasures of nature, let us once before our deaths invite all our people, our children, grand-children, and their children's children, and make them a great and splendid feast, to be merry with them for our last farewell."—Thus, being gluttled with the voluptuous pleasures of this life, they met together. But, behold, with terror, the dreadful judgment of God overtakes them in the height of their mirth, idleness, and drunkenness. There happened the most terrible earthquake, which, opening her merciless jaws, swallows them all up alive, not one soul of them escaping, (I presume by reason of their

drunkenness not being able), and were immediately covered over with this great deluge of water.

“For confirmation of this story we can cite no history; but this is the general tradition of the whole country and is common almost to every child here. Therefore, as long as it is consistent with the justice of heaven, and not contrary to reason, nor contradicted by any more prevailing argument, I must look upon it of as great authority as any history, wherein God hath not suffered their names to be recorded. For, who knows a country better than they that dwell in it? Yet, I must confess, there are told so many fabulous and nonsensical stories of this parish, that they make the truth of this story also to be called in question.

“But, for its confirmation, Vives tells us of a great village in Spain of above one hundred houses, whereof all the inhabitants issued out of one old man, that then lived.

* * * * *

“I could, for defence of this story, instance several other histories,—as that of Brychan Yrth, Prince of Brecknock, who is said to have had several sons, and twenty-four daughters, that were all saints, from whom almost all the inhabitants of this country do derive their descent†. But, I think this sufficient; therefore, I shall return to my Pool, or second Lake of Sodom, to which all the roads in the county lead, which they would never have done, had it not formerly been something more than a dead pool, viz. a town. There is also a river, running through this pool, called *Louenny*§, which river’s name and the tradition aforesaid made the learned Camden conjecture, that it might have been that *Louentreum*, which Ptolemy mentioneth to have been in these parts, and that not without good reason; for, leave out the *um*, which the Latins add to most names, it will be only *Louentre*, which signifieth nothing but *Louenny-Town*. For the word *Tre* is Welsh for a town; so it must needs be that *Louentreum*, spoken of by Ptolemy, it not being any where else to be found.”

† The place, here supplied by asterisks, is occupied in the original with the transcript of an epitaph in St. Martin’s Church, Leicester, on one John Heyrick, who lived with his wife 62 years, and had 142 descendants living at one time, and also with an account of Lady Hester Temple, having lived to see 700 of her descendants. A similar instance is recorded in the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 384.—ED.

‡ See a notice of Brychan in the first Volume, p. 169-70.—ED.

§ The proper name is *Llevenny*.—ED.

ETYMOLOGY.

GWR—GWRAIG—LLEW—CÆRE.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—You have, upon several occasions, alluded to the remarkable advantages, which the Welsh language offers to the inquiries of the philologist; and I have, for some time, been in expectation, that the Essay on Etymology, which appeared in your former volume, would be succeeded by some farther illustrations, in addition to those you then offered, of the justice of your position. As your design in this respect, however, remains hitherto unaccomplished, you will, perhaps, allow me so far to anticipate your purpose, as to present your readers with a few instances, that have recently occurred to me on this subject, and which may not be without their use in exemplifying those *phenomena* of the Welsh tongue, to which you have so often adverted. And they will, I hope, have the still farther effect of inducing some of your more able correspondents to extend their researches into a field of learning, which, however generally despised, is by no means, as might easily be proved, without its share of interest and advantage.

It will, I presume, be admitted, that, in the primeval period of the world, names were never adopted without some reasons, drawn from the characteristic nature of the objects, to which they were applied, and especially such names, as were appropriated to the most obvious and familiar ideas. Hence we find a certain degree of affinity, in most languages, between the various designations of the Deity, or of the Sun, which must have been among the first ideas, that forced themselves on the human mind, and to which, therefore, names must have been given when “the whole earth was of one language and of one speech.” Among this description of words there can be no doubt that we are to include the generic appellations, by which *man* and *woman* were originally distinguished. Accordingly, we find a singular degree of resemblance to prevail in most ancient languages on this point, however disguised by the accidents and fluctuations of time. But, as my present concern lies particularly with the Welsh tongue, I proceed to offer a few remarks on the names it employs upon this occasion, and also on the correspondence, which other ancient languages present in the same respect.

In Welsh, as in Greek and Latin, two words are used to express *man*: these are GWR and DYN*, the first corresponding with the *ανη* and *vir* of those languages, and the other with their *ανδρωτος* and *homo*†. GWR, too, like the Latin *vir*, implies also a husband; as its feminine, GWRAIG, does a woman, or wife. It is on these two words that I now propose to submit a few observations.

GWR is stated, in Mr. Owen's Dictionary, to be a compound of the two radical terms GW and WR, implying, literally, a tendency to be over, above, or superior; and, accordingly, we find the latter of these primitive roots to enter into the composition of some other words, that have a similar signification, as, for example, of the words *twr*, a tower, and *gwrn*, a covering or top, in reference to certain vessels. We may, therefore, conclude, that GWR was originally adopted to denote *man's* superiority over the rest of the creation; and in this sense several writers also explain the etymology of the Hebrew *gabir* and the Chaldee *gevar*, both of them names for *man*, and which are generally allowed to be derived from a root, common to both dialects, signifying to exalt or make eminent‡. In Arabic, too, there are several words, apparently composed of the same original elements, which have an identity of signification with those here noticed. For instance, *kibar* signifies nobles, or men distinguished for wealth or knowledge,—*kubir* implies the chief of a family,—and *jebar* one pre-eminent, a sovereign or a con-

* Of all the kindred dialects of the Welsh the Cornish alone has preserved the first of these words in its primitive form. The Irish, as will be seen in the sequel, adopts it with some variation; but the Cornish, Irish, and Armoric retain the word DYN with little or no change, and the Manks tongue has *dyny*. It is singular, however, that the word is not to be traced into other languages as the name for a *man*.

† Upon the Greek and Latin names it may be curious to remark, that *ανη* and *ανδρωτος* appear to stand alone, without any correspondent words in any other tongue, which can reasonably be pronounced as of the same origin. The Latin *vir*, of which the presumed etymon will be explained hereafter, has been borrowed by the Spaniards alone in their *varon*, while the French and Italians have founded their word upon *homo*; and it may also be observed, that the languages of these three nations, as well as most of the Teutonic dialects, employ but one word for *man*.

‡ The root of *gabir*, which means also a lord or master, is, according to some Hebrew scholars, *gabar*, which signifies to excel in greatness or power. And Mr. Parkhurst, in his Lexicon, thus explains the last-mentioned word.—“*Gabar*, to be strong, powerful; to prevail: a man is distinguished from a woman or child on account of his superior strength. As a noun, *Gabir*, a lord, master; fem. *Gabirh*, a lady, mistress.”—The Syriac language agrees also with the Hebrew and Chaldee in this instance.

queror. The conclusion, which I would draw from the correspondence on this point between the Oriental tongues and the Welsh, is, that the word *GWR* was, in all probability, among the primitive words of the ancient Cimbric, and derived immediately, with the Oriental terms above specified, from the original speech of mankind. Some critics have, indeed, conjectured, from the similarity between the Hebrew and Welsh words, in this as in other instances, that the former gave birth to the latter; but the analogies of the Welsh tongue seem to forbid this assumption, and to justify us, on the contrary, in concluding, as just surmised, that this occasional resemblance between the two languages was not mutually borrowed, but sprang from one common fountain.

Independent of the affinity between the Welsh and the Oriental tongues in this particular, a correspondence may also be traced with other languages, though to the general reader it may not be very perceptible, and which has even been passed without notice by those learned etymologists, who, confining their speculations to Greek and Latin, have wholly disregarded that more ancient tongue, in which alone the roots of many words in those languages are to be found. Thus I take it for granted, that the Latin *vir* is, in fact, but a variation of the Cimbric *GWR*, on a principle of literal mutation, extremely common, and whereby such old Welsh words, as *gwynt*, *gwir*, *gwylio*, and *gwenwyn*, become in Latin *ventus*, *verus*, *vigilo*, and *venenum*. And, it is somewhat singular, that the Irish, however differing from the Latin in its general properties, has adopted, in numerous cases, the same mutation, with the difference only of an *F* for a *V*, which, as the Irish does not use the last mentioned letter, is a difference more in form than reality. Thus, the Irish word for *man* is *fear*, and, in the Scottish dialect of the same language, *fèr*, both which words it requires no difficulty to identify with the *vir* of the Romans, all of them evidently corrupted from the old Cimbric *GWR*. Yet, so blind have etymologists been in this among numberless other instances, as to derive *vir* from the Latin *vis**, as if, in case of the words having any relation to each other, the latter were not far more likely to be the derivative, as

* Isodorus, who appears to have been the first to discover this notable secret, observes, that *vir* is derived from *vis*, “quòd major in eo *vis* est quàm fæminis, unde et a viro virtus nomen accepit.” In the last limb of his sentence he is correct, but, by no means, as a necessary conclusion from the preceding part.

virtus undoubtedly is, upon the same principle that *ανδρεια*, in Greek, is derived from *ανηρ*, and *gwrol*, a hero, *gwrdd*, strong, and many other similar words in Welsh, are from the primary term *GWR*.

But, it will, I think, place the primitiveness of this word in a still stronger light, if we examine the etymology of *GWRAIG*, which implies, as already observed, a *woman* or *wife*. The consanguinity, if I may be allowed the expression, of these two terms must be obvious to the most common observer, and must, therefore, have had its source in the original principles of the language*. And, in fact, *GWRAIG* is formed by the addition to *GWR* of the primitive term *AIG*, which denotes, in an elementary sense, the producer of life, and, in its more limited significations, a female, a herd, or a shoal, while its plural, *EIGION*, is used for the ocean, all of these secondary senses having thus a manifest reference to the primary or fundamental idea. It is, by no means, unreasonable, then, to infer, that *GWR* and *GWRAIG* are genuine Cimbric words, since it is unnecessary to travel out of the language to give a clear and rational account of their origin; while of the Irish *fear* and *frag*, which are used synonymously with them, it is impossible to find in that language any plausible etymology, a circumstance, which proves them to be corrupted from the Welsh. Nor have I any doubt, that the Latin *virago* is also a metamorphosis of the Welsh *GWRAIG*, upon the system already adverted to, notwithstanding that perversion of the original meaning in the Latin†, of which all languages furnish abundant examples.

Among the numerous words, which bear a resemblance in various languages, and particularly the more ancient, that, used to express a *lion*, is somewhat remarkable. In Welsh the word is *LLEW*, in Hebrew *laish*, in Greek *λεων*, in Latin *leo*, in Irish *leovan*, and in the other cognate dialects, which are called Celtic, the same similarity is observable. Now, the Latin and Greek lexicographers, in their visionary speculations in the region of

* The Hebrew words *ish* and *isha*, employed to denote *man* and *woman*, present a similar correspondence, as indeed do the English words themselves, and which cannot have been merely accidental. The Latin language, too, as will be seen in the sequel, has also preserved this natural affinity.

† *Virago*, it is well known, implies, in Latin, a *heroine*, or *masculine woman*; and in this sense the English have adopted it. Isidorus, with his usual discernment, discovers the etymology of the word to be “*quòd ut vir agat*,” because she acts the part of a man. But *non omnia videt Aristarchus*.

etymology, derive this word, according to their several caprices, one from a Hebrew word, signifying strong, another from an old Greek term for king, but the greatest number, with a singular sagacity, from the Greek verb *λαω*, to see, because the *lion* is “most terrible to behold.” It is surely unnecessary to dwell on the absurdity of this etymology, which would apply with equal justice to a beautiful, as to a terrible, aspect, and can, at all events, have no peculiar reference to the *lion*. We must, therefore, look somewhere else for the probable origin of this appellation. Among the varieties, which I have enumerated of it in different languages, it will, perhaps, be acknowledged, that the Welsh term *LLEW* is distinguishable for its simplicity, as embracing no more than a single articulation, to which, or at most to the simplest combinations, the first language must have been confined. This word, simple as it is, Mr. Owen, in his Dictionary, conceives to be a compound of the two still more primitive sounds, *LLY* and *EW*, and thus to signify, in its elementary sense, a swallower or devourer, and, by analogy, to have been appropriated to a *lion*.

In confirmation of this surmise, the verb *llewa*, to swallow or devour, may be adduced, and which frequently occurs in the poets. Thus Taliesin—

Llewais wirawd
Gwin a bragawd.

Of beverage I swallowed
Wine and bragot.

To this I might add several other instances of words of a similar construction, still preserving the primary idea,—as *llewydd*, a focus, or point to which any thing verges,—*llwch*, a lake, or influx of water,—and *llwnc*, a gulp, a swallow, or, more particularly, the gullet, all of which may be resolved into the same elementary roots as the word *LLEW*; and it will not be denied, that voracity forms an appropriate characteristic of this animal. I should, therefore, be disposed to set down the Greek and Latin names as no more than variations of the old Cimbric word, thus preserved in the Welsh, and of which the etymology is at once easy and natural.

Before I conclude my letter, already, I fear, swollen to an inconvenient bulk, I beg to make one other etymological speculation, which will, at least, have the merit of novelty, if it have no other, to recommend it. During a late perusal of the *Æneid* I

was much struck with the name of a town, called CÆRE, mentioned in the eighth book, and which the poet thus introduces,—

“Haud procul hinc saxo colitur fundata vetusto
 Urbis Agyllinæ sedes, ubi Lydia quondam
 Gens, bello præclara, jugis insedit Etruscis*.”

and which he farther describes in the following passage:—

“Est ingens gelidum lucus prope Cæritis amnem,
 Relligionis patrum latè sacer; undique colles
 Incluserè cavi, et nigrâ nemus abiete cingunt.
 Sylvanò fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos,
 Arvorum pecorisque Deo, lucumque diemque,
 Qui primi fines aliquando habuere Latinos†.”

Of these two extracts I shall now, for the sake of the general reader, subjoin Dryden's version:—

“Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
 Of ancient building and of high renown,
 Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
 Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
 Once Agyllina called.”——

* * * * *

“A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
 Stands by the streams, that wash the Tuscan town,
 Incompassed round with gloomy hills above,
 Which add a holy horror to the grove:
 The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
 That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd,
 The guardian of their flocks and fields,—they pay
 Their due devotions on his annual day.”

Servius, the celebrated commentator on Virgil, in a note upon the extract first cited, makes a singular observation, which I shall here translate.—“Agylla, a Tuscan city, was so called,” he says, “from its founder Agella, but afterwards, owing to the ignorance of the Romans, received a different appellation. For, as the Romans were on their way through Tuscany, they enquired the name of the city, but the inhabitants, who were Greeks, not understanding the question, and being moreover desirous of cultivating the friendship of the Romans, addressed them by the Greek salutation, *Χαίρε*, which the Romans mistook for the name of the town, and so, dropping the aspirate, called the place afterwards CÆRE.”

* Æneid. 8. l. 495.

† Ib. l. 579.

Such is the account, which Servius gives of the origin of this name, and upon the various improbabilities of which it is not necessary to waste a remark. Subsequent commentators seem to have rejected the explanation, professing, at the same time, their inability to supply the genuine etymology. Now, if I might be allowed to offer my humble opinion on this subject, I would observe, that, as *CÆRE* is stated to have been anciently settled by strangers, and whom other authors describe, I believe, as having come originally from the confines of Gaul, it is not very improbable, that, although called Greeks, they may have been of some Cimbric tribe, and, consequently, that the original name of the city was *CAER*, which implies to this day, in Welsh, a strong fortified post, and was the name, by which several British towns were anciently known, and, most probably, some also in Gaul*. The situation, too, of *CÆRE*, as described by Virgil, agrees with such an appellation; and the other circumstances of the "sacred grove," and the ancient religion of the inhabitants, may be considered by some to mark their Druidical origin, and, consequently, to fortify my hypothesis, although this is a point, on which I have no wish, at present, to express an opinion. I will merely add, therefore, that the modern name of this town is *Cer-veteri*, which seems to retain the original designation, with the addition of a word to mark its antiquity.

Allow me, in conclusion, to solicit, that some of your correspondents, who are versed in Cimbric lore, will favour the public, through the medium of the *CAMBRO-BRITON*, with the proper etymologies of the four ancient provinces of Wales,—*Dyved*, *Gwent*, *Gwynedd*, and *Powys*. If, however, no one, better qualified than myself, should comply with this request, I will, in my next, hazard some conjectures on the subject, together with a few remarks on the woful blunders, into which English etymologists have fallen on this very point, and which, with their general mistakes in similar matters, are to be ascribed to their ignorance of that ancient language, in which the seeds of philological learning are to be found in their purest and most primitive state.

CELTA.

* The Welsh word, *CAER*, is a derivative of *Cae*, to enclose, and consequently implies a city surrounded with walls and other means of defence. It formed the ancient British name of those English towns, which now terminate with *cester*, *eister*, or *chester*, as well as of many others. It is probable too, that the names of several ancient towns in other parts of the world, among which may be mentioned *Carthage*, were originally formed of the word *CAER*.

ANTIQUITIES.

INSCRIPTION AT PENTREVOELAS.

IN the former volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, page 359, a brief account was given of the Inscription discovered, about a year ago, in forming the new line of road to Holyhead, at Tre'r Beddau, near Pentrevoelas, in the county of Denbigh. Since that account was written the Editor has been favoured with two transcripts, or *fac similes*, of this curious relic of past times*, and of which the following, it is hoped, will be found to be a pretty accurate representation.

BROHOMSL
'ATTIICIACIT
ETVXOREIVCAKE

The stone, on which this Inscription appears, and which is now at Lima Hall, in the neighbourhood of the place where the discovery took place, is about five feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and four inches thick, and is quite rough and unpolished. As to the Inscription itself, it cannot, perhaps, be deciphered with any certainty at this distance of time, and in the absence of any probable information respecting the event, to which it relates. It may not, however, be uninteresting to subjoin the opinions of the two correspondents above referred to, and to each of which considerable plausibility may be attached.

P. B. W. thinks, that the Inscription ought to be read thus:—“‘Brohomael (or *Brochmael*) hic jacet (or *jacit*) et uxor ejus Canne.’—Brochmael lies buried here, and his wife Canne or Canna. But I cannot,” he adds, “discover the meaning of the I A at the commencement of the second line, unless we take the L and the I from the first line, and then it will be read thus—Brohomael Lia or Leia, or Junior, (as there may have been two Brochmaels) lies buried here, and his wife Cann, or Canne, or Canna;—for Canne, as well as Gwen, signifies white or fair.”

* For one of these he owes his thanks to P. B. W., a gentleman, to whom the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON have before been so much indebted, and for the other to Mr. Owen Pughe, who received it from his son, Mr. Aneurin Pughe, by whom the transcript was made.—ED.

Mr. Owen Pughe, on the other hand, conceives, that the letters will bear the following interpretation:—"Brychymaeliat hic jacit et uxor ejus Cawne," *Brychymaeliat* signifying—One belonging to, or a descendant of, Brychmael, or a Brychmaelian. And he observes, what, I presume, is well known, that the letter *y*, which he substitutes for the *o* in the original, was not in our alphabet at the period, to which this Inscription may be supposed to have reference.

Should any of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON be able to throw any farther light on this subject, it is scarcely necessary to state, that their communications would be extremely welcome.

* * *

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

There's not a Welshman, with a bed of leeks,
Who traces not his pedigree to Adam.—ANON.

PRIDE of pedigree has been a characteristic of the Welsh since the days of Giraldus Cambrensis*; but it is now passing fast away. Among the middling and lower classes of society an example of this long retained custom may yet, indeed, be sometimes found, but under circumstances which render it ridiculous and amusing.

A most curious instance of this innocent vanity existed in the person of an individual, who, seven or eight years ago, held a *high* official situation in the little town of Dolgellau, in Merionethshire. This person, however, has been dead some time; and, as no biographical account has appeared relating to him (a circumstance "marvellous in our eyes"), a short sketch of his arduous career and harmless eccentricities may, perhaps, be amusing. His birth, parentage, education, and titles are set forth at length in an advertisement, which was distributed, during his life time, to the strangers who visited Dolgellau;—and which I take the liberty of transcribing.

"ROBERT EDWARDS,"

"Second son of that celebrated Tawer (Tanner), William Edwards, ap Griffith, ap Morgan, ap David, ap Owen, ap Llewelyn,

* "Genealogiam quoque generis sui," writes Giraldus, in his *Cambrie Descriptio*, "etiam de populo quilibet observat, et non solum avos, atavos, sed usque ad sextam, vel septimam, et ultra procul generationem memoriter et promptè genus enarrat."

ap Cadwalader, great, great, great grandson of an illegitimate daughter of that illustrious hero, Rice ap Thomas,—no less famed for his irresistible prowess, when mildly approaching under the velvet standards of the lovely Venus, than when sternly advancing with the terrific banner of the bloody Mars,—by Anne, *alias* Catherine, daughter of Howel ap Jenkin, of Ynys-y-maengwyn, who was the thirteenth in descent from Cadwgan, a lineal descendant from Bleddyn ap Cynvin, Prince of Powys. Since his nativity full four and eighty times hath the sun rolled to his summer solstice. Fifty years was he host of the Hen and Chickens, Pen-y-pont, Dolgellau; twenty of which he was apparitor to the late Right Reverend Father in God, John, Bishop of Bangor, and his predecessors.—By chance made a glover, by genius and choice a fly-dresser and angler, is now, by the All-divine assistance, conductor to and over the most tremendous mountain, Cader Idris, to the stupendous cataracts of Cain and Mawddach, and to the enchanting cascades of Dol-y-melynlyn, with all its beautifully romantic scenery, Guide General, and magnificent expounder of all the natural and artificial curiosities of North Wales, professor of grand and bombastic lexicographical words, knight of the most anomalous, whimsical, yet, perhaps, happy, order of hair-brained inexplicables!”

The worthy Robin, with all his accomplishments and oddities, is now gathered to those fathers, whose memory he so highly and piously venerated. I remember him well, and am indebted to him for many an entertaining hour during my childhood. He was a curious, but an honest, man; and he certainly fulfilled the duties of his several avocations with assiduity, integrity, and zeal.

Robin's glory (good man) consisted in *heading* a party “to and over the most tremendous mountain, Cader Idris, to the stupendous cataracts of Cain and Mawddach; or to the enchanting cascades of Dol-y-melynlyn, with all its beautifully romantic scenery.” On such occasions, habited in an old-fashioned blue coat,—a family piece, no doubt,—ornamented with large metal buttons,—his head covered with a most capacious and formidable equilateral cocked hat,—and his diminutive person, (the said person, by the way, affording an admirable representation of a slender rushlight under a full-sized extinguisher,) bestriding a pony as diminutive almost as himself, would the *apparitor* bravely take the van, and, “with all his blushing honours thick upon him,” experience the enviable satisfaction, a Guide General always must

experience, in the performance of the functions of his office. Then, indeed, would Robin boldly lead the way, followed by a "train of gentlemen and ladies gay," regardless of the salutations, with which he was wont to be constantly greeted by the merry urchins in the street;—regardless, I say, of the reiterated cries of "Robin *bach!* (little Robert) your hat is on one side, or, your hat is falling off," the object of their mockery would gallantly continue his course, contented with looking unutterable disdain upon the young fry, and heedless alike of the shouts of his tormentors, the uncontrolled laughter of his own party, and the curvetting and plunging of his frisky little pony.

Poor Robin had attained the patriarchal age of 88 before he was gathered to his fathers; and, full of years and of honesty, he went hence and was no more seen! But his memory, humble as was his rank in society, will not be despised: his eccentric manners, convivial temper, and just dealings, will not be forgotten by those whom fortune has placed in a loftier—but, perhaps, not happier—sphere of existence; and we may truly say of him—Farewell!

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

R.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XII.

LATIN EPIGRAM AND TRANSLATIONS—CHARLES EDWARDS.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As you say you are in want of a fresh stock of *Pennillion*, I send you the following Epigram, with a translation in English and Welsh, which may, perhaps, should you think them worth your notice, supply the place of a *Pennill* or two.

IN SOMNUM.

Somne levis, quanquam certissima Mortis imago,

Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;

Alma Quies, optata veni! nam sic sine vita

Vivere, quam suave est; sic sine morte mori!

Tho' Death's strong likeness in thy form I trace,

Come, Sleep, and fold me in thy soft embrace;

Come, genial Sleep, that sweetest blessing give,

To die thus living, and thus dead to live!

“The above Latin Epigram,” (says the St. James’s Chronicle for June 29, 1813,) “which appeared among the *CARMINA QUADRAGESIMALIA*, has been universally admired, and often attempted in English; but the translation, here given from the elegant pen of the Rev. Dr. Symmons, is unquestionably the best that has ever appeared.”—The last line is certainly beautiful, but it may, perhaps, appear like minute criticism to object to the word “form,” as well as to the jingle of “*tori*” and “*mori*” in the Latin.—Will you allow another attempt?

Tho’ Death’s grim likeness in thy features shine*,
 Yet to thine arms, sweet Sleep, I gladly fly;
 O! that with thee to rest the lot were mine,
 Thus without life to live, and without death to die!

Nor will you, perhaps, quite despise this in our native Welsh:

HUN, eilun Angau, tyr’d yn hy,
 A bydd bob nos fy ngyfaill cu:
 Hyfryd, fal hyn, heb fywyd, fyw,
 Ac, heb farwolaeth, marw, yw!

Whoever inserted the Epigram in the St. James’s Chronicle was mistaken in supposing it ever appeared among the *CARMINA QUADRAGESIMALIA*; but it was printed in a volume of Latin Poetry of later date, and is supposed to have come from the pen of the Rev. Thos. Warton, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Poet Laureat. I remain, Sir,

Your well-wisher and obedient servant,

CHWILIEDYDD.

P. S. I should be obliged to you, or to any of your correspondents, if you would state in the CAMBRO-BRITON, who Charles Edwards, author of “*Hanes y Ffydd*,” was, where born, and what other books were written by him, &c. Mr. Owen, in his Cambrian Biography, only says, that “he was a theological writer, who flourished from about A. D. 1660 to 1700, and that his principal work was *Hanes y Ffydd*, or the History of Christianity”†.

* The Editor hopes Chwiliedydd will not accuse him of hypercriticism, if he objects to the strict propriety of this word, when applied to “Death’s grim likeness”. In every other respect the translation is most happy.

† If any of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON will favour the Editor with a communication on this subject, it shall appear in the next Number.

CRITICISM.

HORÆ BRITANNICÆ; or, STUDIES in ANCIENT BRITISH HISTORY, containing various Disquisitions on the national and religious Antiquities of GREAT BRITAIN, in two Volumes. By JOHN HUGHES. LONDON. 1819.

[Concluded from page 326.]

THE resumption of the review of Mr. Hughes's work brings us into the company of the renowned Arthur, the hero at once of history and of romance. And, indeed, so much of both does his character partake, that, like the Centaurs of old, it eludes all our powers of discrimination to fix it, exclusively, to either attribute. A satisfactory inquiry into the real history of Arthur, as conveyed to us by our most authentic records, and not as it is blazoned forth by our ancient fabulists, is still a *desideratum*; but it is one, which there is no space, even if there were the inclination, here to supply*. The following concise view, taken of it by Mr. Hughes, if it be not strictly accurate, will certainly not be charged with any undue partiality to our national champion.

"The Silurian princes claimed ascendancy over the chiefs of the Cymry; and the exigency of the times elevated Arthur to a post of high honour, of which in general he shewed himself worthy. The Cambro-Britons and the Cornish Britons equally revered him; but he sometimes used his influence to aggrandize himself; and this awakened a spirit of jealousy, which ultimately proved fatal to him.

"Mr. Turner has collected certain notices respecting Arthur, that cast some light upon his personal character, and accord with the manners of the age in which he lived†. Meeting with a prince in Glamorganshire, who was flying from his enemies, Arthur was at first desirous of taking by force the wife of the fugitive. But he was persuaded to refrain from the injustice, and to assist the prince to regain his lands. Arthur is also stated to have plundered St. Paternus, and to have destroyed a monastery. 'These incidents,' says the Anglo-Saxon historian, 'suit the short character which Nennius gives of him, that he was cruel from his childhood.'

"Arthur appears to have been unfortunate in his domestic connexions, for the unchastity of his wives is recorded in the Triads;

* It will be recollected by the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, that Mr. Hughes himself was the author of the Prize Essay, at the late Wrexham *Eisteddfod*, on this very subject. And it is to be hoped, that the public will, sooner or later, be gratified with the perusal of it, as it may supply the *desideratum* here noticed.—ED.

† See Turner's Anglo-Saxons, vol. i. c. 2."

and from a life of Gildas, by Caradoc of Lancarvan, it appears that Melvas, the king of Somersetshire, carried off Arthur's wife, by force, to Glastonbury. Arthur, with his friends, whom he collected from Cornwall and Devonshire, assaulted the ravisher. The ecclesiastics interposed, and persuaded Melvas to return her peaceably. Arthur received her, and both the kings rewarded the monks for their useful interference. This shews Arthur to be a man of only 'moderate greatness.'

"That Arthur was not always the patriotic warrior appears from his contests in the north, where, in an engagement, he killed Hoel, a native prince, and triumphed as having slain his most powerful enemy. 'Thus, Arthur,' to use the words of Mr. Turner, 'by his wars with his own countrymen, as much assisted the progress of the Saxons, as he afterwards endeavoured to check it, by his struggles with Kerdic.'

"As to Arthur's greatest achievement, the battle of Badon Mount, this victory only stopped the progress of Kerdic, and gave repose to the Silurian territory. But Arthur was not able to retaliate on the foe, and Kerdic retained the conquests he had made.

"Arthur is represented by the Bards, his coevals, very differently from what is advanced respecting him by the romancing Geoffry. Neither Llywarch nor Taliesin say extravagant things of this hero; nor do they ever speak of him as king of all Britain: The continual and rapid conquests of Kerdic, of Ella, and of other successful warriors among the Saxons and Angles, totally disprove the accounts of Geoffry. And yet he, upon the whole, was the most gallant of all the British princes; and his name deserves to be enrolled among the ancient heroes of the Isle of Britain."—P. 202.

To this extract succeeds a brief inquiry into the settlement of the Angles in the North, and the final establishment of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom, in the course of which several historical quotations are introduced from Taliesin and Llywarch Hen. The following translation of an Elegy by the latter on the death of Cynddylan, although wanting the peculiar plaintiveness of the original, will not be uninteresting. It is from the pen of the late Mr. Walters, of Cowbridge, to whom Welsh literature is under no small obligation.

*The Death of Cynddylan, the son of Cyndrwyn, Prince of Powys:
Imitated from the Welsh of Llywarch Hen.*

"Come forth and see, ye Cambrian dames,
Fair Pengwern's royal roof in flames.
The foe the fatal dart hath flung,
(The foe that speaks a barbarous tongue),
And pierc'd Cynddylan's princely head,
And stretch'd your champion with the dead:

His heart which late, with martial fire,
 Bade his lov'd country's foes expire .
 Such fire, as wastes the forest hill,
 Now like the winter's ice is chill.
 O'er the pale corpse, with boding cries,
 Sad Argoed's cruel eagle flies ;
 He flies exulting o'er the plain,
 And scents the blood of heroes slain.
 Dire bird ! this night my frighted ear
 Thy loud ill-omened voice shall hear .
 I know thy cry that screams for food,
 And thirsts to drink Cynddylan's blood.
 No more the mansion of delight,
 Cynddylan's hall is dark to-night,
 Nor more the midnight hour prolongs,
 With fires, and lamps, and festive songs :
 Its trembling Bards afflicted shun
 The hall, bereaved of Cyndrwyn's son :
 Its joyous visitants are fled,
 Its hospitable fires are dead.
 No longer ranged on either hand
 Its dormitory couches stand :
 But all above, around, below,
 Dread sights, dire sounds, and shrieks of woe.
 Awhile I'll weep Cynddylan slain,
 And pour the weak desponding strain :
 Awhile I'll soothe my troubled breast,
 Then in eternal silence rest."—P. 212.

It is now time to return, with Mr. Hughes, to an examination of the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and which he resumes with the following judicious observations :—

“ During that historical epoch, which we have been surveying, we can distinguish few things favourable in the civil character of the Britons, when contrasted with their Pagan invaders. The ambition, the treachery, and the fierceness of the chief, and the indolence and apathy of the common people, afford us but very faint outlines of the Christian virtues. The animosity, which subsisted between the different states, obstructed the union which was necessary to enable them to repulse their public enemy. It was seldom they could be induced, by a sense of the common danger, to unite their counsels for the general security. Had they been animated in due season with the spirit of genuine patriotism, and sought help from heaven, their enemies could never have prevailed over them ; for the number of the Anglo-Saxon adventurers was at no time so formidable, but

that, by means of a well-concerted coalition on the part of the Britons, their whole force might have been discomfited. Arthur, Ambrosius and Urien, Owen and Cunedda, Cynddylan, and the sons of Llywarch, excelled in military bravery; but their ferociousness was such, that we see little distinction between these Christian knights and their Pagan antagonists. In the poem of Golyddan we perceive raging thirst for blood, and delight in the trade of slaughter. In the great battle of Cattraeth, the Bard laments, that the warriors went to battle in a state of intoxication; so that, however endued with native courage, their defeat can excite no astonishment in the reflecting mind.

"The Saxons are represented as carrying fire and sword before them, and destruction attending all their steps. As heathens, they were doubtless implacable against the religion of Christ; and we may easily believe, that they destroyed the churches, and persecuted the clergy. Gildas gives us a dismal picture of the devastations of the Saxons, the effects of which were felt by his own family, who were obliged to retire into Wales for a refuge from the storm. But he regards the whole as the just visitation of heaven upon a stupid and profligate people, who neglected to make a proper use of the bounties of heaven; and upon a church that was become so corrupt as to abuse the light and privileges they had enjoyed."—P. 220.

Such, in reality, was the deplorable state of society amongst the Britons, and especially the Northern Britons, during the fifth and sixth centuries. It cannot, therefore, be surprising, that the progress of religion during that period was both slow and uncertain. The raging thirst of conquest and devastation on the part of the Saxons, and the consequent feelings, whether of active revenge, or of inert despondency, engendered amongst the Britons, seem to have brutalized the human mind, and to have deprived it of all susceptibility for those gentler emotions of our nature, which only could have been congenial with the growth and diffusion of Christianity. In Wales alone a better spirit seems to have had any general prevalency. The zealous exertions of Garmon, and Bleiddan, which have been already noticed, strengthened, as they were, by the ministry of succeeding teachers, appear first to have given any stability to the roots of that sacred Tree, which has since flourished, amongst our native hills, with a somewhat excessive luxuriance. Among the immediate successors of the two holy men, above mentioned, are particularly to be enumerated Dewi (St. David) Dyvrig, Teilo, Padarn, Catwg, Cadvan, and Asav, all of whom are still commemorated in the names of various religious places, which they either

founded or restored. Mr. Hughes enters summarily into the history of a few of these Cambro-British saints; and notice of some may also be found in the former pages of this work.* Notwithstanding the pious labours, however, of the two founders of the Welsh Church, as Garmon and Bleiddan may justly be styled, the darkness of heresy, as we are informed by historians, threatened, at the beginning of the sixth century, again to obscure, if not to extinguish, the light of the Faith; and, accordingly, in order to avert this evil, a synod was held in the year 519, at a place since called Llan-Ddewi-Brevi, of which Giraldus Cambrensis, as quoted by the writer before us, gives the following succinct account.

“The detestable heresy of the Palagians, although formerly extinguished through the labours of Germanus of Auxerre, and Lupus of Troyes, when they came over to this island, this pestilence, although once put a stop to, sprang up anew, and gave occasion to the convening of a general synod of all the churches of Wales. All the bishops and abbots, and religious of different orders, together with the princes and laymen, were assembled together at Brevi, in the county of Cardigan. When many discourses had been delivered in public, and were ineffectual to reclaim the Palagians from their error, at length Paulinus, a bishop, with whom David had studied in his youth, very earnestly entreated, that that holy, excellent, and eloquent man might be sent for. Messengers were, therefore, dispatched to desire his attendance; but their importunity was unavailing with the holy man, he being so fully and intensely given up to contemplation that it was urgent necessity alone that could induce him to pay any regard to secular concerns. At length two holy men, namely, Daniel and Dubricius, went over to him. By them he was persuaded to come to the synod; and upon his arrival he silenced the opponents, and they were utterly vanquished. But Father David, by the common consent of all, whether clergy or laity (Dubricius having resigned in his favour), was elected primate of the Cambrian churches.”—P. 231.

Other synods succeeded this, and the zeal, subsequently manifested by the religious orders, especially in the foundation of churches, monasteries, and other ecclesiastical establishments, tended to settle the exterior forms at least, if not the more essential attributes, of Christianity among the mountains of Wales. That vice and disorder may, notwithstanding, as recorded by some ancient writers, and especially Gildas, have gained too great an ascendancy during these comparatively uncivilized times

* See the first volume, pages 11, 59, 170, and 171.—Ed.

is not to be deemed surprising. But, it is to the period now under consideration and to the pious devotees, by whom it was distinguished, that we must ascribe the foundation in Wales, on any fixed principles, of the grand fabric of our holy religion. The bishoprics of Llandaff, Margam, St. David's, Llanbadarn, St. Asaph, and Bangor were established during this æra; which includes the fifth and sixth centuries; and, whatever may have been the laxity of public morals, the Church was at least exempt, as Mr. Hughes properly observes, from those gross superstitions, by which the cause of Christianity was in other countries, at the same period, so greatly debased.

The two chapters, which immediately follow Mr. Hughes's examination of the subject just noticed, are devoted to the mission of St. Augustine and his successors, and relate more particularly to the propagation of the Gospel amongst the Saxons,—a portion of history, with which the theological reader must already be intimately acquainted. Mr. Hughes gives a full account of the synod, in which the Romish Saint endeavoured to gain over the Welsh prelates to the Papal power, and which the latter are known to have so resolutely withstood. Upon this event Mr. Hughes has the following passage.

“ Thus nobly did the Cambro-Britons stand up for the independency of their churches; and refused to submit to the encroachments of the bishop of Rome, and his legate Augustine the monk. But if we can suppose the proposal made to them to join in preaching the gospel to the Saxons, to have been any thing more than a snare to entrap them; it was to be lamented that any ceremonial differences should prevent their engaging in a work of that kind. What encouragement, if any, they had for such an undertaking, before the coming over of Augustine, history does not inform us: but we have already observed that, from the complexion of the times, there is too great reason to infer they were rather backward than ready to enter upon any mission, for the purpose of converting their enemies to the Christian faith.”—P. 268.

One fatal result of this resistance on the part of Bishops was, as the reader well knows, the massacre of the monks of Bangor Iscoed by Æthelfrith, king of Northumberland, who, at the instigation of Æthelbert, the “patron and defender” of Augustine, marched an army into Powys, in which province the synod, just alluded to, had been held. The number of Monks, slain on this occasion, is variously stated. According to some accounts, they amounted to nearly twelve hundred, but the Saxon annals men-

tion only two hundred. To this tragical deed succeeded the destruction of the famous monastery of Bangor itself, of which, although supposed to be the largest in Wales, not the least vestige is now to be seen. However, this monstrous barbarity on the part of the Saxons did not pass entirely without its reward; for "the Welsh princes," as Mr. Hughes observes, "roused at the devastation committed by Æthelfrith, combined their forces, and routed him with great slaughter, so that he did not long remain without chastisement for his ambition and cruelty."—A long state of warfare between the Welsh and Saxons seems to have been consequent on this event, and to have united with other causes, already adverted to, in preventing the former from assisting either St. Augustine or his associates in their endeavours to convert the Saxons from their idolatry. This circumstance, added to the continual contentions of the Saxons amongst themselves, contributed to render the progress of Christianity amongst them extremely tardy, notwithstanding the acknowledged zeal and indefatigable perseverance of the missionaries, who followed St. Augustine in the exercise of his holy functions. Mr. Hughes appears to have particularized with much accuracy, considering the necessary obscurity of the subject, the gradual diffusion of the divine light amongst the Anglo-Saxons; but want of room renders it impossible to transfer his statement to these pages.

The remainder of the work, from which one extract only can be made, is occupied chiefly in investigating the introduction of Christianity amongst the Picts and Scots, and with a view of the state of the Church in the eighth century. It appears that the spirit of independence, evinced in the opposition of the Welsh prelates to the attempted innovations of Augustine, had not lost much, if any, of its force about two centuries afterwards. One of the principal points, on which St. Augustine insisted, was an alteration of the time as to the observance of Easter, and with respect to which, as appears from the following extract, the Welsh still adhered to their ancient usage about the middle of the ninth century.

"The *Culdees* were, in the following age, persuaded to comply with the use of the Roman computation, respecting the time of observing Easter: but they still refused to yield absolute submission to the Roman see. *Adomnan*, their countryman and associate, first induced the Irish to concede the point; and soon after Naitan, king

of the Picts, by his regal authority, commanded Easter to be observed, throughout his dominions, according to the Roman cycle of 19 years ; instead of the cycle of 84 years, which had been the former custom. At the same time the Roman tonsure was enjoined ; that is, all priests and monks were obliged to be shorn crown-wise, after the manner of the Roman clergy. The monks, also, of the island of Iona, (by the persuasion of Egbert, an English priest, that had been bred in Ireland), in the year of our Lord 716, forsook their usual custom, as to the feast of Easter, and the clerical tonsure, by now conforming to the Roman rite ; about eighty years after the departure of bishop Aidan, on his mission to Northumberland. The Britons, in the time of Bede, still retained their old usage, until Elbodus, who died about A. D. 800, brought in the Roman custom. But, howsoever, says Archbishop Usher, North Wales did, it is very probable that West Wales (which of all other parts was most eagerly bent against the traditions of the Roman church) stood out yet longer. For we find, in the Creek life of St. Chrysostom, that certain clergymen, who dwelt in the isles of the ocean, repaired from the utmost borders of the habitable world to Constantinople, in the days of Methodius (who was Patriarch there, from the year 842 to 847), to enquire of *certain ecclesiastical traditions, and the perfect and exact computation of Easter*. It is inferred from hence, that as there can be no doubt that the British isles are referred to, that the disputes respecting Easter were not yet laid to rest ; and that our Britons, not being satisfied with the determination of the Pope of Rome, resorted to the decision of the bishop of Constantinople." —P. 318.

The volume concludes with an Appendix, in which are collected some interesting particulars relating to the "Antiquities of St. Alban's, Glastonbury, Caerleon, Lantwit Major, the Cornish Cathedral, Whithern in Galloway, controversy respecting Easter, splendour of the Saxon Churches, the last days of Bede, the Welsh and British languages," and other particulars. But the time is arrived, when we must part with Mr. Hughes, whose work has already occupied more space than can generally be allotted to a single publication. But its national character, and the valuable information with respect to Wales, which the author has brought within one focus, sufficiently justify this preference, and may be even allowed to atone for that want of originality, which is obvious throughout the work. In this point of view, however, the second volume is evidently superior to the first : and both may, finally, be recommended to the lovers of our national lore, as forming a judicious and interesting compilation of Ancient British history, both civil and ecclesiastical.

AWEN CYMRU.

A' th, rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXXXIX.

LLE bo cariad y canmolir
Fwy, ondodid, nag à ddylir;
A chynfigen a wyl feion
Lle na byddo dim achosion.

XC.

E haera llawer dyn yn ddiball,
Fod ganddo gariad mawr at arall,
Heb fwriadu, minwedd fechan,
Ond ei les a'i fudd ei hunan.

XCI.

Yr afanc hyll, ar ol wylofain,
A ladd y dyn a ddiom gelain;
A llawer dyn, a'i wylo oerllyd,
A huda'r llall i dranc anhyfryd.

Y MILWR MARW.

FE GWSG! awr marwol boen, a balchder bêl,
Un wedd ynt drosodd iddo ef; ei ruddiau nan
A wywant yn y terfysg gwyllt a ffrôm:
Y boreu arnynt oedd o ddysclaer wawr,
A gwrid gwrolder gwgus oedd a bân;
Y boreu hwn y dwylaw hyn oedd dwym,
Y llygad llon oedd fywyd heinif oll—
Ti ardum claiog oer!—ai hwn yr un
A garem?—dim ond hyn!—Ti fenyw, ffwrdd!
Na wyla mwy—á all y MARW tru
Ddychwelyd serch am serch!—á all y bedd
Glywed dy ochain di!—Darfu ei rhawd,
Ei ENAID á ehedodd fry â'r fânt!—
A wyli di âm lwch a lludw gwael?
YMAITH!—dy GARIAD di nid yma yw:—
Edrych i NEF—os dwfn oedd CARIAD cu
Ar ddaiar lawr—DAU dyfnach YNO yw!

IEUAN DDU O LAN TAWE.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXXIX.

WHERE there's love, 'tis ten to one,
 Praise too lavish will be found,
 And, as truly, where there's none,
 Causeless censure will abound.

XC.

Many boast, and without end,
 How great the love they bear their friend,
 Never thinking, piteous elves,
 'Tis but at last to serve themselves.

XCI.

The crocodile's false plaintive art
 Hath slain the wretch, whose corse you see;
 Thus man lures man, with icy heart,
 To some sad cruel destiny.

*
*
*

DIAL MADOG*.

BY S. R. JACKSON.

INTRODUCTION.

LAND of the bard and warrior! land,
 For minstrelsy renown'd so long;
 Whose noble sons, with matchless hand,
 Could wield the sword or wake the song:

Oh! whither is that spirit fled,
 Which music breath'd, and love inspir'd,
 The spirit of the mighty dead,
 Why has it not their children fired.

Alas! when Cambria's monarchs died,
 Soft Music bade the land farewell,
 And buried long has lain the pride
 To bid the song of glory swell.

* Madog's Revenge.

But, thanks to those who love the strain
 Of minstrelsy, the morning breaks,
 When Cambria's harp shall ring again :
 The goddess from her sleep awakes.

O! would that unto me were known
 The tongue wherein thy children sing ;
 My song might take a sweeter tone,
 My harp I might not idly string.

But, since 'tis not for me to speak
 The language to thy minstrels dear,—
 If Saxon words be rude and weak,
 Unlovely to a Cambrian ear;

Yet, turn not from this lowly lay,
 Albeit with deeds of terror fraught,
 Nor slight his song;—another day
 The bard may wake it as he ought.

DIAL MADOG*.

His father came with ruthless hand,
 And robb'd me of my home,
 And drove me from my native land,
 In foreign climes to roam.

He laid my stately forests low,
 He slew my fallow deer;
 And thus it is with brand and bow,
 Sir Knight you see me here.

I come in darkness, as he came,
 To ravage in my turn;
 And, ere I go, the blood-red flame
 Yon lordly tower shall burn:

DARK the clouds of evening lower
 Round Caereinion's lonely tower,
 Shading its embattled wall
 With a deep and gloomy pall.
 Who that saw that gloom could tell
 Fire within it soon would dwell.

* The story, on which the poem is founded, will be seen in Warburton's *History of Wales*, vol. i. p. 409-10.

From the mountain's solitude,
Madog comes in vengeful mood :
Hate and Envy drive him forth,
Deadly foes to human worth.
He from em'rald Erin's strand
Late had sought his native land,
Driven thence by Bleddyn's son :
Thus the fatal feud begun,
Which to death's embraces gave
Powis' chieftain, Iorwerth brave.

With him, breathing slaughter, comes
He, whose heart, its pride benumbs,
Llywarch, sternest he of men,
Like the wolf from bloody den.
Vainly may the lost one call
For mercy, who his prey doth fall ;
Vainly for compassion sue,
That his bosom never knew ;
Like the adder Llywarch grew,
A lonely and vindictive thing,
Ever prone his foes to sting.

High that night the song arose
On the ear of Iorwerth's foes ;
Who in silent ambuscade
Wait till eve's last gleam shall fade,
Till the night, with deeper frown,
Darkly o'er the earth came down,
And the lofty strain of pride
On the quiv'ring string hath died.
Pacing there with hasty foot,
In his purpose, resolute,
With beating heart and anxious eye,
Full of dreadful scrutiny,
Madog eyes the torch-light fall,
Fainter from the banquet hall,
On the silver stream beneath ;
Till silent all, and dark as death,
Night's broad veil was o'er them thrown,
And his prey to rest had gone.

'Tis stillness! down the mountain side,
Slow the star of night hath died;
From their ambuscade they creep,
Winding up the rocky steep.
The wall is gain'd! they breathe, they pause,
They listen: what can be the cause?
The warder's challenge meets their ear,
And his bugle, loud and clear,
Echoing on the midnight air,
Holds them in suspension there.
This is not a time to choose
If to win or if to lose:
Swift they ply the axe and brand,
Firm of heart and strong of hand.
Words of fierce intent they breathe,
And the falchion, from the sheath
Issuing, glitters brightly;—now
Darker lowers stern Llywarch's brow.
From the nearest standing there,
Of those who bow and falchion bear,
Swift he takes the stubborn yew,
To the head the shaft he drew,
Like a statue from the wall,
Down they hear the Warder fall,
And the gates, he ne'er shall close,
Shatter'd by a thousand blows.

But where are those who dwell within,
Hear they not the mighty din?
See they not the bubbling blood
Pour on earth its purple flood?
Not unheeding tarry those
At the summons of their foes:
Bleddyŷ's son his father's sword
Takes from off the banquet board;
At his bugle's thrilling sound,
His retainers gather round;
'Mid the foe their weapons fly,
Like the drift from winter's sky.
Back the brother foes retire,
Like two wolves in baffled ire.

Hither bring, stern Madog cries,
Fury flashing from his eyes,
Yon blazing torch;—perchance its flame
The reptile in his den may tame.
Hither, slaves! advance and scare
Yon grinning monster from his lair.
Loudly, from the inner wall,
Iorwerth heard his foeman call:
High the spreading flame ascends,
Firm he stands amidst his friends.
Fierce they combat, wound for wound,
Slow the flame approaches round.
So the serpent we behold
Winding round his prey its fold,
Ere its head to sting is rais'd;
Sternly on it Iorwerth gaz'd,
As he felt its growing heat;
Must he from his post retreat?

O'er this mind a passing thought
Came, and painful feelings brought;—
Must he perish in the flame,
Alone, unknown to future fame;
Or upon the hostile spear
Nobly end his proud career?
Better that dark Madog's sword
His defenceless bosom gor'd,
Than by yielding up his breath,
There to die that fiery death.
Such his thoughts,—awhile he stood,
Black with smoke and wet with blood.

Then, with fierce and sudden spring,
Headlong he rush'd amid the ring
Of opposing foes, whose steel
Deeply he is doom'd to feel.
Thrice ten spears within him stood—
Thrice he hurl'd the broken wood
On the wond'ring crowd again,
Till beneath their iron rain,
In unconquerable pride,
Down the hero sunk and died.

'Tis morn! with hate's exulting smile
 Dark Madog views the blazing pile,—
 Till, of oak and massy stone,
 Dust and ash remain alone ;
 Pillar, column—all are gone !
 Years roll'd away—as years may roll—
 O'er those who feel not Time's control :
 Forgetful of that fatal strife,
 Still Madog liv'd a lawless life ;—
 Man was his prey—at length, though late,
 The ruthless robber met his fate :
 None bade the flower above him bloom,
 No sculptur'd stone adorn'd his tomb,
 No friendly heart above his sigh'd—
 Unhonour'd and unwept he died.

W A L E S.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—It will be seen by an advertisement on the wrapper of this Number, that this Society has selected “The Fall of Llywelyn, last Prince of Wales,” as the subject of the Prize Poem for the present year. The candidates are to transmit their effusions to the Secretary before the first of next August ; and the Medal will be awarded to the successful competitor on the second day of the *Eisteddfod* at Carnarvon. * *

WELSH DISPENSARY.—An advertisement, accompanying this Number, announces a Meeting to take place, on Saturday the 5th inst., of the Members of this laudable Institution, of which an account was given in the former volume. It is to be hoped, for the sake of Wales, and for the sake of humanity, that the Meeting will experience the encouragement it so well deserves. The cause is that of charity and benevolence, and is, therefore, one, in which none can say, that they are not in some degree interested. Whatever indifference or whatever apathy may have been evinced on other occasions, there can be no excuse here : it is the relief of disease and of infirmity, to which we are invited, and who is there, having it in his power to afford the relief, that will refuse to obey the call ? The following letter on the subject explains briefly and explicitly the objects and advantages of the Institution. * *

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Amongst the numerous Reports of Charitable Institutions, that do so much honour to the country, I was lately led to examine a private statement of the good, actually done by the Welsh Dispensary. This institution first received encouragement from a few benevolent individuals in 1818. The first report was read in March 1820, and in that short time 560 poor persons have received medical advice and assistance; since which, in only twelve months, 3468 patients have been relieved, and at an expense, in medicines, not exceeding £50. Can there be a stronger instance of the astonishing degree of good, that may be produced from only trifling means? I must, however, add, that this could not have been accomplished without the incessant exertions of a medical gentleman*, who has hitherto devoted a greater portion of his time to this benevolent purpose, than the most sanguine friends of the institution could hope for. The effects are now ascertained beyond a doubt, and a meeting will shortly be called, of which a full report will be made. And I trust every Welshman, who reads this, will feel inclined to attend and satisfy himself as to its merits.

Kensington, 9th March, 1821. W.

ANCIENT URNS.—The following account of the discovery of some sepulchral urns in Carnarvonshire is extracted from the provincial papers. Perhaps among the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON some one may be able to supply a more detailed description of these ancient relics; and in the mean time the following deserves to be recorded:—

“During the latter part of the month of March last ten sepulchral urns were found among rubbish, about a foot below the surface, by the tenant of Llysdu farm, the property of Joseph Huddard, Esq. situate a short distance from the Roman military communication, between the Tumulus, at Llecheiddior, and that of Dolbenmaen, Carnarvonshire. The urns occupied a circular space of about five yards in diameter, which had the appearance of having been surrounded by a stone wall. The urns were found in a strait line, and filled with bones and ashes, a small piece of copper in the first. Each urn was protected by four upright stones, in a rectangular form, with a flat stone on the top, and a few handfuls of pure gravel underneath. They were of

* The gentleman, here alluded to, is Mr. Morgan, of Great Newport Street, whose active and beneficial exertions in the cause merit the highest eulogium. Indeed it may, without much hazard, be affirmed, that the charity has hitherto been supported by his zeal alone.—ED.

rude workmanship, and do not seem to have ever been exposed to the action of heat, as they all crumbled into ashes as soon as the ploughmen attempted to remove them, and not a single fragment, above the size of a square inch, could be found, a few days after the discovery. Perhaps the hopes of finding some treasure rendered the men more indifferent to their preservation. From the circumstance of there being several Druidical remains in the immediate neighbourhood, it is probable, that it was a place of sepulchre, consecrated by the Druids, at a period prior to the Roman invasion. A great part of the sepulchre still remains untouched. It is rather to be lamented, that some degree of respect is not encouraged for these primæval monuments of the religion and sacred rites of the Aborigines of the country. They are proofs, that, however misrepresented the Druids have been by the early historians, Idolatry formed no part of their religion; while the doctrine of a future state seems to have had a powerful influence in the formation of their civil and religious institutions."

OBITUARY.

ON Sunday the 25th of March, 1821, at Rose-Hill, near Wrexham, died Evan Jones, Esq., of Gellewig, in Carnarvonshire, most sincerely esteemed and regretted by all who knew him. Mr. Jones was born in June, 1771, and entered the army as Ensign in 1791. In 1793 he embarked from Cork with his regiment, viz. the 23d, or Welsh Fusileers, for the West Indies, under Sir Charles Grey, and landed at Martinique. He was at the reduction of Pigeon Isle, Fort Royal, St. Pierre, Fort Bourbon, and other French possessions in that island. He was present, also, at the taking of Guadaloupe and other French islands in the Caribbean Sea, with many of their possessions in St. Domingo. He was nearly carried off in that climate by the yellow-fever; but a negro woman, his nurse, wrapped him, when given over, in a sheet or blanket strongly impregnated with vinegar, which arrested the rage of that dreadful malady. He and his gallant regiment distinguished themselves at the Helder, in 1799, and in subsequent battles in Holland, under that veteran and gallant general, Sir Ralph Abercrombie. He served also under the same general in Egypt. At the memorable battle, on the heights of Nicopolis, near Alexandria, on the 21st of March, 1801, when the brave Abercrombie fell, the 58th, 42d, and 23d regiments charged with the bayonets the *Invincibles* of France, as they had been hitherto called, took their standard,

and drove them off the field; the 23d and 40th reg. forming the advance of the British Army in dislodging the enemy from the sand hills, on which they were stationed. Col. Jones [for he rose to the rank of Lieut. Col.] and the gallant Twenty-third were employed in other expeditions of inferior note till 1807, when they were attached to that under Lord Cathcart against Copenhagen. In 1808 he married Anna Maria Kenyon, daughter of Roger Kenyon, Esq., of Cefn, near Wrexham, brother of the eminent Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, and uncle to the excellent nobleman who now bears that name and title. He then quitted the army, and retired to his maternal property in Carnarvonshire, where he amused himself with agricultural pursuits, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*. In his domestic relations Col. Jones was not only unimpeachable, but most exemplary, fulfilling the several duties of son, husband, friend, and master, with that affection and rectitude, inseparable from a character of his magnanimity. He was a sincere Christian, and, therefore, anxious to discharge every duty towards God and man. Though temperate, he was very cheerful and fond of Society. "Col. Jones, with the brave 23d," was a standing toast in every convivial meeting in this part of the Principality; and it was at some such meeting that an officer of very high rank said, "I drink Col. Jones with infinite satisfaction, for a braver soldier never trod the field of battle." And a most respectable magistrate, who lived nearest to him in the country, a colonel also in the service, observed of him to me after his decease:—"When living I loved my neighbour as myself. No man deserved the esteem and respect of his friends more than Evan Jones, of Gellewig. He was an upright, honourable, honest man. And he, like his late commander, poor Sir Ralph Abercrombie, is embalmed in the memory of his countrymen." Emphatic words, and full of meaning. Although I was not in the habit of meeting him above five or six times in the year, yet I knew him well, and had the most sincere respect and esteem for his character as a friend and as a man. He has left no family, except an amiable widow and a mother, with many a feeling friend, to deplore his departure from among us.

*His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.*

Such artless meed who would not fain indite,
To greet his spirit in the realms of light?

Carnarvonshire, April 6, 1821.

P. W.